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THE subject of child-marriage is causing much thought, and is bringing together scattered forces to concentrate them on this cruel custom, "hoary with age," and woven into the very texture of domestic life in India. Discussion is begun in some of the influential papers, by a few Hindus, who speak out boldly and bravely, arousing opposition from others, who appear in defence of the ancestral law-givers.

It is hoped that the present governor-general of India, Lord Ripon, will have the courage to influence legislation with regard to it. A writer from India, who is observant of the influences at work, says that this movement is the outcome of woman's work in the schools and zenanas, and of the elevated home life of missionaries and mission homes.

The Baptist women of the West have added thousands of names to the petition for its abolition to be sent to the Empress of India.

You say that you cannot sustain the interest in your meetings unless you have a letter fresh from the field. Does the thought come to you of the demand this makes on the time and strength of the missionary, and is it just right? Think for a moment of what you can do in one day's time. Our

missionaries and teachers have only the same number of hours in a day for work that we have, and they certainly need as many hours for rest and sleep.

With all the facilities for information which can be had at the present time, it seems that much can be done of ourselves to strengthen our interest and zeal. Suppose that instead of the letter *from* the missionary, one should be prepared by the secretary, or some member of the auxiliary, to be sent to her, and read at the meeting, telling her of your sympathy with her while she toils in your stead amid privations; of the increasing love there is in your hearts for the work of giving the Gospel to alleviate the woes of your sisters in the land where she is laboring, that the more you read the more wonderful becomes to you this great movement of the age, to carry the Gospel to the whole world. Try this method a few times, and see if a communication *to* the field is not as helpful as one *from* the field.

ONE of our missionaries, in a note to a friend, asks if in some way the attention of those who support native teachers cannot be called to their duty with reference to writing to them. She says: "Our girls feel disappointed that they do not have their letters answered. These answers would encourage them very much, and you have no idea how pleased they would be if the friends at home should send them little tokens of their regard and interest. To-day there came three little books by mail, two of them picture-books for little Edie Phillips. I could see that E——, one of the native teachers who looked them over, wished some one had sent something to her. It isn't the worth of anything so much as the fact of their being remembered by some one in America."

WILL our friends bear in mind that in October the postage on letters will be but two cents, and please send us no more three-cent stamps in payment for subscriptions and for other purposes.

It is the time for reporting again, and in order that there may be a full summary of the year's work it is important that each secretary and treasurer shall be prompt and faithful. The annual meeting of the Society occurs early in October, and the year's work closes with September.

A Pioneer Missionary.

[Extracts from a sketch of the life of Harriet Newell, read by Miss Waterman at a meeting of the Auxiliary of the Olneyville Church, R. I.]

THE life of Mrs. Harriet Newell, though short in comparison with the lives of other missionaries, was a marked one. She was one of the first American missionaries. The mission work was then in its infancy, and the field not prepared for laborers. When a missionary sails to-day, he has some idea of his destination, and expects to meet his co-laborers in the work on his arrival. The early missionary had not these assurances, and to leave the comforts of a happy, peaceful home, for a perilous voyage and the experiences of a life unprotected by a Christian government, required true *Christian courage*.

Harriet Atwood was born in Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 10, 1793. Her father was a merchant of good standing, and she had excellent advantages of education. Her early piety was fervent, and the journal which she commenced at eleven years of age, in which she penned daily her impressions and aspirations, together with her letters to school friends and associates, reveal how sincere were her efforts to find the right path herself and to lead others into it. These writings of her childhood and early youth show her mind to have been mature, and her power of expression happy beyond her years.

At seventeen she became acquainted with Mr. Newell, who was educated at Harvard College, and afterwards prepared himself for a missionary. In 1810, with four other young men, he offered himself to the General Association of Massachusetts, which act led to the establishment of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

On deciding to become the helpmeet of Mr. Newell in this work, she writes: "Sometimes, when reflecting on the subject, I think I shall welcome the day which will land me on India's shores, that I may tell those dear, benighted women of a Saviour's love. At other times, a sense of the dangers and hazards of a missionary life quite depresses my spirits. Shall I love the glittering toys of this dying world so well that I cannot relinquish them for God? Forbid it, heaven! Yes, I will go! However weak I am, there is an all-sufficient Saviour ready to support me."

Writing to a friend, and comparing their future prospects,

she says: "Should our lives be spared, very different will be our future destinies. Instead of the soft delights and elegancies of life,—self-denials, privations, and sorrows will be mine. Instead of the improved and polished society of Haverhill associates, will be substituted the society of the uncivilized Hindus. No churches will be found for the refreshment of weary pilgrims; no joyful assemblies where saints can resort. But none of these things move me.

‘I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.’ ”

In these letters we catch a glimpse of the great sacrifice, natural to one so young in giving up so much, but it is all covered by the glorious millennium she sees in the future, and which she thus poetically expresses: "The present state of the heathen is deplorable beyond description. No Star in the East directs them to the Babe of Bethlehem. No Sun of Righteousness has risen among them to irradiate their dreary path. They spend their days in wretchedness, strangers to the consolations of the Gospel, without a friend to point them to the Saviour of sinners. But *faith* looks over these towering mountains and beholds, with joy unutterable, the millennial reign of peace and love. The banks of the Ganges and the Indus shall resound with the high praises of Immanuel, and redeeming love shall be the theme of the Hindu."

On the 9th of February, 1812, she was married to Mr. Newell, and a few days after sailed in company with Mr. and Mrs. Judson. Some idea of the danger and discomfort of the voyage may be formed from the fact that the vessel several times sprung a leak, and they were in danger of sinking.

Nearing the end of the voyage, she writes: "I do not repent, nor have I ever repented of my undertaking. We are looking for the shores of India. The idea of again walking upon the earth and conversing with its inhabitants is pleasing. Some visitors from land to-day,—two birds and a butterfly. We are about one hundred miles from land."

Later: "After seeing nothing but sky and water for 114 days, we this morning heard the joyful exclamation of 'land! land!' It is the coast of Orissa, the land of pagan darkness."

From Calcutta she writes: "I have witnessed scenes this morning which have so pained my heart! The worship of the

great god of the Hindus has this day been celebrated. Do Christians *feel* the value of that Gospel which *bringeth salvation?* ”

From Calcutta they went to Serampore, fifteen miles, where a mission was already established on the Ganges, of which she speaks as a delightful place. From here she writes: “The government has ordered us to return to America. We have entirely relinquished the idea of establishing a mission at Burmah. Several other places have been thought of, but it is uncertain where we shall go. There is now no alternative left but a return to America, or a settlement among some savage tribe, where our lives would be in constant danger.” It was finally decided, if they would engage to leave the British territories (the English East India Company was violently opposed to missions), they might possibly have leave to go to the Isle of France or Madagascar, which was at last obtained. She writes: “A door is open wide; shall we not enter and begin the glorious work? Eighteen hundred inhabitants ignorant of Jesus! I have not one female acquaintance to accompany me to this land of strangers. But I hear the voice of an almighty Saviour saying, “Fear not, I am with thee: be not dismayed; I am thy God.”

This was among the last of her letters. On the voyage to the Isle of France they had contrary winds and bad weather, and were obliged to put into port on account of the leakage of the vessel. Mrs. Newell never recovered from the discomforts of this last voyage, and she died Nov. 30, 1812, aged only nineteen years.

On her death-bed she said: “Tell my brothers and sisters that the world is vain and worthless; only the religion of Christ is worth living for. Though I am taken away before we have had it in our power to do anything for the heathen, yet it gives me comfort to think of the case of David, who was accepted for having it in his *heart* to build a house for God, though he was never allowed an opportunity of accomplishing his desire. The mission will go on without me.”

Mrs. Newell was buried in a quiet spot under the shade of an evergreen tree. A marble monument has been erected by the American Board, and the grave has often been visited by American voyagers, who are familiar with her interesting history.

If one will read the life and letters of Mrs. Newell, I can assure them they will not find them uninteresting reading.

Her writings seem to me to be the touching, pathetic utterances of a loving, devout soul, sitting humbly at the feet of the Master, waiting and willing to do His service. If "that life is long which answers life's great end," the nineteen years of this devoted life have a sure record.

What can we do?

BY MRS. C. F. WESTON.

INDIA'S millions bow to idols,
Worship gods of wood and stone,
Many never heard of Jesus,
And the true God have not known.
They are perishing in darkness,
For the want of light they die;
What can *we* do for the heathen?
Can *we* bring salvation nigh?

We can *go* across the waters,
Carrying the Word of Life,
Preaching *Christ*, instead of idols,
Joy and peace, instead of strife.
We can tell them the glad tidings,
How our Lord from heaven above
Came to earth that He might save them,
We can tell His wondrous love.

We can *send* some one to teach them,
If perchance we cannot go,
If we send true-hearted Christians,
We may help the heathen so.
We can give them of our substance,
Lending thus unto the Lord,
Surely we shall nothing lose,
Giving always brings reward.

If our store of wealth be scanty,
And but little we can spare,
We can *pray*, remembering always
God will hear and answer prayer.
Thus may India's dying millions
Taste the Bread of Life and live.
What *will* we do? Shall we *go* ourselves,
Shall we *send*, or *pray*, or *give*?

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

The presence of women in that upper room at Jerusalem, while the disciples were waiting in prayer for the enduement of the Spirit, is a significant illustration of the fact that from the beginning Christianity has been a religion of progress and reform. — *Congregationalist*.

Reminiscences.

[BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.]

SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.

JAN. 15, 1855, Mr. Phillips and party left Jellasure for Calcutta. On the evening of the next day, he wrote Mrs. Phillips from Naranghar bungalow: "It is now about nine o'clock. Sister Sutton has retired to her palkee, and Brother Smith is pressing a pillow near me, but before I lie down I must improve my last opportunity to write you from Orissa, being now on the border of Bengal. Yesterday was, to me, a trying day in more senses than one. After suffering much from fatigue, I attempted to rest a little on the couch, when in came most of our christian females, surrounded by their children. My weak head was already well-nigh crazed, and I saw the necessity of brevity. With a few words of advice and a shake of the hand for each, I hastened from the room leaving them all in sobs and tears. They still hung around, while numbers of our heathen neighbors crowded about the door to see the last, offering their adulations accompanied in several instances by their tears. After dinner, Brother Cooley read and prayed. I followed him, anxious once more to supplicate divine mercy and guidance in the place where, for so many pleasant years, we were accustomed to bow the knee in prayer. I was so overcome by my feelings, that I was compelled to stop and seek a place where to weep. The native Christians were still waiting, and of them, as well as of our dear Sisters Cooley and Smith, I took a hasty leave, and walked away accompanied by Brethren Cooley and Smith. We came up to the cart that was to take Brother Smith and myself the first stage, and, parting with Brother Cooley, I was glad to get in and stretch myself on the mattress in order to seek rest for both body and mind. The former, by degrees, became more comfortable, but I had become too much excited, and had too much to ponder over, to allow repose to the mind. At 4 o'clock, A. M., we came to the place where our horses were waiting our arrival, and at the same time were overtaken by Sister Sutton, fast asleep in her palkee. Mounting our horses, we reached this bungalow between seven and eight o'clock, A. M., a distance of twelve miles. Soon our ears were greeted by the 'Hoo hoo Rabara — dar'

of Sister Sutton's palkee-bearers. I have obtained a little sleep to-day, by way of indemnification for my loss last night. At evening brother Smith accompanied me to the bazar, and I had what, for the present, will doubtless prove my last preach in Oriya.

"Debara, January 17. I rose at quarter past three this morning, and at quarter to five set off by the light of a flaming torch. We came on about twelve miles, and stopped at a small bazar called by a name which Sister Sutton pronounced too outlandish to be remembered. Here we spread out our mats on the smooth mud floor of a bazar house, and took our frugal repast in a style of great primitive simplicity, partaking, it was remarked by our good sister, 'not a little of the romantic.' I am constantly reminded by this journey in connection with the past, of the fragments of a broken army retiring after battle. Nineteen years ago, a party of six laborers*, full of hope and vigor, marched into Orissa by easy stages. The conflict has been protracted and severe. Three of the number have received their discharge, while two are called to retreat and give place to new recruits. To these may the Lord grant success an hundred-fold more glorious than has attended the labors of their predecessors. I am not sure, after all, but this change of laborers, even in this heathen field, will prove a blessing to the cause. In the commencement of our work, much, very much, has to be learned by slow, and dearly-bought experience, and before a plan of operation can be determined, many errors, more or less grave, are sure to be committed. These not only obtain authority with native converts, but, it may be, exert an undue influence over our own minds. New laborers, if wise and judicious, are possessed of many advantages for detecting and reforming evils of this nature. Uncommitted to our errors, they may be warned by our failures, and profited by our experience."

January 20. Mr. Phillips wrote from Tomlook, "We reached this place at seven o'clock yesterday morning, and Brother Covil arrived a little after noon. We were glad and rejoiced by the meeting, though I must confess to an unpleasant pang at the thought that we meet to part so soon. Heretofore, from the very commencement of the mission, whoever has come or gone, it has been my privilege to remain. It has, at length, become my turn to go, and though satisfied, as I now am, of

* Messrs. Sutton, Noyes, Phillips, and their wives.

its being my duty to go, still I can but turn my back on Orissa with great reluctance."

Embarkation. After a few days' stay in Calcutta, Mr. Phillips and Mrs. Sutton went on board the "Brutus." The former wrote the corresponding secretary, Feb. 13: "Dear Brother Hutchins,— I am once more on board ship, looking forward to a long sea voyage :

But how little it appears
Like the lapse of twenty years,

since, on board the "Louvre," Sept. 22, 1835, I started in a party of twenty missionaries for this eastern shore. But short and fleeting as the time appears as a whole, it has been crowded with important events, and judged by the great changes it has wrought, seems an age, if not a century. Even in monotonous India, change and progress are beginning to mark the tide of events. The 'iron horse' has begun his career where the great amount of inland carriage is effected by bullocks. Messages are now daily, if not hourly, flashed across a peninsula, where the news budget has been, and even now continues to be, carried on men's shoulders.

"Sister Sutton and myself came on board the 11th inst., and next morning the ship was underway in tow of the tug steamer. Yesterday, we passed two American ships inward bound, one of which, the "Sabine," had missionaries on board. My health continues to improve, though it had received a severer shock than, at the time, I seemed aware of. In my anxiety to serve both the interests of the mission, and do what was best for my dear family, I had nearly forgotten the lesson my first "widowerhood" taught me, and I really thought myself strong enough to stand alone. The extra effort I was compelled to put forth, awakened energies that carried me on prosperously for about eight or nine months. Then came a reaction, which my weak, nervous, feeble intellect was not prepared to sustain, and Oh, such an awful gloom as for a season came upon me, like an overpowering incubus! But God has been most merciful to me, and the kindness of beloved friends has been great. It has been with bitter regret that I have parted with my beloved associates in toil, but I bless God for the privilege of laboring nineteen years in this dark heathen land to impart a knowledge of Christ's gospel to those sitting in this region and shadow of

death, and I shall be happy to return and resume my efforts at the moment the way is open for me to do so.

"February 14. The tug steamer cast off last evening and we are moving down the river under sail and nearing Bengal Bay. It became very rough last evening. I have already begun to suffer from seasickness, but trust it will not last long. Sister Sutton is more composed than I am. . . . For the next four months, farewell."

Missionary Enterprises.

How few of us realize that the vast enterprise which now occupies a part of the attention of so many religious denominations had its origin in an obscure Baptist congregation in the town of Leicester, England, less than a century ago. Let us glance back in imagination over eighty-nine years at that little company of poor but God-fearing men who subscribed at the organization of that parent missionary society, thirteen pounds, eight shillings, six pence, then pause and compare this sum with the £600,000 Great Britain now annually expends for missions.

This princely power who possesses colonies in every quarter of the globe now has one thousand men and women in the mission field.

Let us notice one or two of the countless instances in which the labors of missionaries have accomplished vast results.

In 1819 a company of missionaries went from Boston to the Sandwich Islands, whose idolatrous, half-civilized inhabitants were then sunk in degradation. They were kindly received. Christianity slowly but surely took root.

In 1869 when the mission was closed, the population of these "lovely islands, whom nature in her most bounteous mood has profusely endowed with the elements of material welfare," were a civilized, self-governing, Christian people, engaging in beneficial commercial intercourse with other nations. Fully as interesting, and still more surprising, is the story of the results attained through the heroic labors of Dr. Moffat, among a warlike race of savages, whose home is South Africa.

But the largest field of missionary labor at the present time, is that land where our own denomination is strug-

gling, through a few heroic men and women, to reclaim to God *some* of its "swarming millions."

More than thirty societies now sustain workers in India. "The Hindu mind is awakening from its sleep of ages." Slowly but surely the time is nearing when India will accept Christianity. In these illustrations something of the magnitude of the work accomplished in so short a time is presented anew to our minds.

We have looked at the bright side,—there is another to those patient toilers in the Master's vineyard, through whose sacrifices and courage these results have been attained.

How long before the great command of Christ, spoken eighteen hundred years ago, having been fully obeyed shall exhibit the glorious fruitage of a whole heathen world reclaimed to God!

C.

Leading Dates of Indian History.

As you look abroad over India from the Himalayas, the organizing dates of her history seem to be written in the sky, and to be whispered to you by her palms and mangoes, her tamarinds and banyans, her bread-fruit trees and bamboos.

- 1500 B. C. Events of the mighty epic poem called the Mahabharata.
- 1400. Arrangement of the Vedas by Vyasa.
- 1000. Events of the epic of Ramayana, by Vahlmiki.
- 800. Institutes of Menu.
- 500 (543). Gautama Buddha.
- 337. Invasion of Alexander.
- 260-240. Reign of Asoka.
- 1217. A. D. Invasion by Genghis Khan.
- 1600. Organization of the East India Company.
- 1605. Death of Abkar, two years after the death of Queen Elizabeth of England.
- 1640. Founding of Madras and Boston.
- 1648. Date of the completion of the Taj-Mahal.
- 1666. Death of Shah Jehan.
- 1668. Bombay begun.
- 1689. Calcutta founded.
- 1707. Death of Aurunzeb.
- 1757. Battle of Plassey.
- 1857. Sepoy mutiny.
- 1858. The Queen becomes the direct ruler of India.
- 1877. Proclamation of her Britannic Majesty as Empress of all India.

Xavier (1506-1552) arrived in India as a missionary in 1540; Schwarz (1726-1788) in 1750; Carey (1761-1834) in 1794; Judson (1788-1856) in 1813; Heber (1783-1826) in 1824; Wilson (1804-1875) in 1829; Duff (1806-1878) in 1830. Lord Macaulay was in Calcutta in 1834. The Universities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras were founded in 1857.—*Joseph Cook.*

Correspondence.

[FROM MRS. BURKHOLDER.]

SALMA, THE CRIPPLE.

SOME may possibly remember reading about our cripple sister, Salma, before, but as her story may be new to many of your readers, allow me to repeat a few things connected with her early life. Some eleven or twelve years ago, while on a visit to this place, Bhimpore, we first met her at her eldest brother's home. He was the head man of the village. Because she was a cripple and unable to do the house-work, her drunken husband treated her most cruelly, and, according to Santal custom, had taken another and much younger wife. When unable to endure the hardships longer, her brother brought her to live with him. While still in her husband's house, one of our first Santal schools, opened by Dr. Bachelor, was held close to her house. Two of her sons attended it, and began learning of the true way. Being compelled to sit on her cot most of the time, she listened daily to the children as they repeated the Lord's Prayer in Bengali, and sang hymns in their own language. Gradually the light began to dawn on her darkened mind. She asked her sons to tell her of the great God of whom they were learning. They said, "mother we too are ignorant, and all we know is that if you kneel with your face to the west and pray to Him, He will hear you." In telling her story she said, "I could not kneel for I was lame, and how to pray I did not know, for no one had taught me, so all I could do was to sit on my cot and bow my head to the west. When they sang the hymn beginning 'I am a sinful child,' I thought, that surely is I, for I had been a very wicked woman."

We were astonished one day while having a prayer-meeting for the women in the open court of her brother's house, to hear her repeat correctly the Lord's Prayer in Bengali, when she knew so little of that language. After a time she learned her alphabet, and was able in a slow stumbling manner to read a little in the Santal gospels. This gave her great pleasure. Many, many times when visiting her, I have found her with her book and spectacles picking out a few verses. Those she could not understand she would ask some one to explain.

For a time our orphan girls brought her to the chapel on a cot, then a small hand-cart was made on which she was drawn to attend the Sabbath services. I never knew any one to grow faster in real heart experience. One day in her simple child-like way she said, "God has been very good to me, He comes to me while alone at night, and, sitting by my side, He talks to me. He comes again when I am out of doors under the trees." She really seemed to drink at the fountain head. For more than ten years she has been a true and faithful follower of Christ, doing what she could in her quiet, humble home.

The natives of the country, even after they become Christians, are frequently very neglectful of the aged and infirm members of their families. This poor woman has many times suffered from the lack of food, clothing, and a proper shelter from the cold wind and driving storms. In the midst of her sufferings she cheerfully says, "I have learned to be content with such things as I have." Nor does she forget her church, but has a longing desire to help support it. It would be well if we had more like her.

The woman's weekly prayer-meeting is always held with her, for long ago she became too helpless to come to church. She invariably takes an active part in the service, and urges the women to come regularly. One afternoon she said she had something to say. In a slow hesitating manner she said: "I most thoroughly believe that God hears and answers my prayers. Some time ago I was anxious to give something to the church, but having nothing, I asked the Lord to make our jack-fruit tree bear. It had had no fruit on it for several years. He heard my prayer and the tree fruited, but I did not get a single one to sell for the church." She now for several months has sent her mite on communion Sabbath.

"During the cold season," she went on to say, "I suffered much, and wished I might have a blanket, so I asked the Lord for one. In a short time one was given to me." Several of our people had been taking her food, but she said, "I am not anxious about that; I am glad of it, of course, but I do hope you will all come to this meeting. The Lord is good, He comes to me, and I have seen Him." As she grows more and more helpless, her faith shines the brighter, and she reaches out the more for heavenly support. Has it been a loss of time and strength to tell her of the Great Physician?

BHIMPORE, June 6.

THE UPWARD STRUGGLE.

[FROM MISS FRANKLIN.]

DEAR FRIENDS: Please enter with me, on this beautiful morning, Anthony Chapel, where teachers and pupils are assembled, as they are on each school day at 9 A. M., for devotional exercises.

The chapel is 58 feet by 48 feet. Among the pictures which adorn the walls is a fine portrait in oil of John Storer, the founder of this institution. This is the gift of his heirs, and is the finest thing we possess, in the way of a picture. There is also one in crayon of Mr. Morrell, so like the kind and familiar features of the man, that you wonder at the skill of the artist, who can be so true to nature. There is also a very pretty oil painting, the gift of Mrs. G. C. Waterman.

You will always find the motto, "*Labor omnia vincit*" on our walls. It has been translated for many a pupil, and in accordance with their own testimony, has buoyed many a one up with the hope of success in the struggle for education. Another one, "Equal Rights," words dear to the heart of every son and daughter of Ham, is also here. To us they are fraught with a double meaning, and we like to see them.

The devotional element, so prominent a characteristic of our race, manifests itself in the hearty manner with which all join in the reading of Scripture and the singing of hymns, and I have sometimes heard a fervent amen involuntarily uttered by a student at the close of the prayer. Added to the variation of form, features, and color, which is always met with in an assembly of colored persons, is another perhaps scarcely less striking. I refer to the difference in age. Hands disfigured by toil, skilled only in labor, are patiently toiling over the unwonted task of forming letters. Much harder it is for the *man* or *woman*, than for the *child* who sits near and plies his pencil in so ready a manner. How my heart goes out in sympathy with these men and women, as I watch their struggles to clear away the mental darkness with which they are surrounded, and sometimes, too, with the natural pride they must smother when they enter children's classes. Scarcely is it possible to believe some of them *wholly* uneducated, when you have conversed with them. Many of them have been reared in the families of people of wealth and refinement, and with every physical want supplied, they needed

only *freedom* and *education*. Who knows what heights they might have attained, could they have drunk from the "Pyrian Spring" in early youth? You can perceive the intellect, though so long it has remained dormant, and in some, *genius*, which you wish could have been drawn out instead of having been suppressed.

"But knowledge to their eyes, her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll."

"It always seems to me heroic," said one of our teachers the other day, "in these grown folks to come to school"; and my own heart reëchoed the sentiment. And is it not heroism? Not the sort, perhaps, that we are apt to associate with the word, but heroism none the less, and of such a character as those who have been favored with an early education can never realize. To give an example of this class of persons, let me tell you of an uncle of mine who came to school last fall. He was owned by Governor McDowell, of Virginia, and was a house-servant in the family. You may not know that the caste principle was not confined to masters *alone*, but extended to the slaves, and "house-servants" were always considered better than "field-hands." My uncle's master was considered a very good (?) one. He was not, however, so good, but that any of his servants would have been severely punished for making any attempt to learn to read. My uncle *did* make the attempt, however, and in some miraculous way learned to both read and write *without the assistance* of a single human being, for did not the statutes of the state threaten, or rather condemn to dire punishment, him who should be found so doing?

Divine aid he must have had, else how could he have learned? Bits of newspapers, stray leaves of books, pencil ends, etc., were his treasured and secreted text-books and writing-materials. The care of a family has kept him from school through all these years since the war until now. And not long ago, still burning with the desire for knowledge, at the age of forty-one years, he spent his first day — yes, first *hour* in the school-room.

He, his parents, and seven brothers and sisters, of whom *my own mother* is one, were all of them slaves.

The number of parallel cases we have here is very large. Do you not thank God with me, dear sisters, that the dark curtain of slavery is lifted forever from our land, that the

"flag of the Union" in truth waves over the "Land of the Free." Lift up your hearts in grateful praise to God that you are guiltless of the cruel sin of holding a fellow-being in bondage. Thank Him, too (as I know you must), that you are blessed with the privilege of helping to lift to a higher and better life this wronged people. Oh, when I touch the subject of the wrongs of my race, of their liberation, and consequent progression, I am so overcome with conflicting emotions that I can find no words to express my thoughts. God alone knows them. We know that we have your prayers and sympathy in our work and hope they may long be given us. I do not doubt that the thought of friends praying and working for them at home has sustained our pioneer teachers in many a dark hour. The *darkest* hours we hope are passed. For the *bitter prejudice* against the school, which existed for a long while among the neighboring whites, shows itself only on rare occasions. Pray, then, that we may have physical and spiritual strength for all we may have to endure, that God will open the hearts of those who have an abundance to furnish the means to prolong the work.

HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VA.

[FROM MISS COOMBS.]

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

I am going to suppose that when you get this, you will have gone through all the work and heat and hurry of Commencement, and are now quietly resting in that dear little cottage at Ocean Park. Never-to-be-forgotten resting-place to me it was! I love to live those days all over again, one by one, and hour by hour. Just now, while it is fresh, I'm going to write about the "Commencement" I attended this afternoon. That was not the name they gave the exercises, but I was reminded of those days at home when the young men make their bows and speeches, and walk off with that wonderful roll.

This gathering was at Midnapore College, and was the occasion of distributing the prizes gained during the past year. These consisted of gold and silver medals, very nice suits for the gymnasium, and books — many books. There were more than seventy prizes given for excellence in languages — Persian, English, Sanskrit and Bengali — mathematics, good behavior, punctuality, and general proficiency.

We had an excellent chance for seeing the better class of babus, and there were many fine-looking men among them. All had on their good clothes, of course, and looked interested and important. The exercises were all in English, and consisted of declamations and one dialogue, which was the best of all. The pronunciation was excellent, and inflection natural. A noticeable thing, to us, was the absence of ladies in the audience. Nobody to smile encouragingly on the poor frightened fellows, or throw bouquets to the brave ones! Men, men, everywhere. Mrs. Bachelor, Miss Hooper, Miss Millar, Beebe Phillips and I, made up a line, at which a whole battery of eyes was aimed. I suspect there was about as much curiosity expended on one side as on the other, in proportion to the numbers. Dr. Bachelor and Dr. Phillips made addresses at the close of the exercises.

Then we went out to see the boys perform in their new suits. It may be they do all these things at home in the gymnasiums, but I had never seen anything of the sort, and it was really wonderful to me. They have posts and bars in the "campus," and their positions and rolls and swings were marvelous. They seemed to have disposed of their bones and become simply muscles, with something to hold them together.

Very many times I am forced to think how like our own people these natives are, and I find myself getting interested in them, and liking to talk with them as I do with new acquaintances at home.

My Sabbath school class, composed of scholars from this same school, is a source of interest to me, and I trust of benefit to them.

DEAR GRANDMA HAYES: I have been reminded of you in many little ways as I have got my things unpacked, and I have lived over and over again those days of preparation and packing, and thanked the Lord for the dear good friends who worked so hard and cheerfully to get me off. Well, I have been wonderfully blessed all the way, and am getting on unusually well in the language, though I almost covet the gift of tongues, even as on the day of Pentecost, but I will acknowledge the Lord in the progress already made, and pray, and hope all my friends will keep on praying, that my tongue may be more rapidly loosed to speak in this strange language. I am getting much interested in the zenana work, and shall be delighted when I can talk with the women a little more in-

telligibly. This morning I went with Mrs. Bachelor to three new houses in which we have just begun to teach. One of them is out of the city about two miles. The babu is a doctor, and desires to become a Christian, but he says he has married a heathen wife, and what can he do! He wishes her taught about Christ, hoping she may have the same desire. She is very, very shy and timid. The first time Mary and I went to see her, she did not come out from behind the door at all; the next time she did venture out part way and read a little, but kept her face hid, though I caught one swift glance which she shot out at us when she raised her head, and I saw she had a nice looking face, but she trembled like a frightened creature while she read. This morning no urging would bring her out from behind the door, for Mrs. B. was a stranger. Next time we will take a native teacher with us, and her husband thinks she will not fear her. Think of the condition of women, the result of whose teaching is such fear of their own kind! But hers is an extreme case.

I am planning to move over to Dr. Bachelor's to-morrow, and Mrs. Bachelor wishes to make the work over to me. I have become much interested in it, and shall enjoy doing what I can, though of course I am not able yet to converse or give religious instruction, but I can instruct in reading and figures, and ask the catechism and teach the knitting, and every day is helping me in the matter of conversation. I am helped of the Lord to live an hour at a time. If it wasn't for this I should be swamped in fears and misgivings. You can imagine how eagerly we watch for intimations of coming help. Sometimes I get indignant at the apathy of our dear people as a whole, and wonder that so much is accomplished; then I admire the interest and courage of the few who do send us help, and again I think it is all in the Lord's hands.

Dr. Phillips and the family came back from Chandpore yesterday, and the Bible school begins again to-day. Mrs. Phillips and the children had a month's vacation, and the Dr. two weeks. The children show a decided improvement, but Mrs. Phillips is not seeming so much better as we hoped. I do trust her head will not trouble her again. She is the life of her work, and the regulator seems gone when she is away.

They came home from Contai, near Chandpore, sixty miles from here, in three days with the bullocks, resting in the mid-

dle of the day on account of the heat. The rainy season is about over now, and we have had considerable rain, though not the heavy rains yet.

Dr. Phillips has had repeated letters from Calcutta, of late, asking him to take charge of a "Believers Convention," to be held there next week, and at last has consented to go. May he be helped and do much good. Please write as often as you are able.

MIDNAPORE, June 22.

A NOTE FROM THE VALLEY.

The worry and labor and confusion of trying to close up the year's work, and leave things in order for a two month's absence, not only have in them very little that is interesting to the readers of the *HELPER*, but have come so nearly driving out everything else from our brain, that it seems for the moment doubtful whether there is one word that can be said to remind them in the next issue of Harper's Ferry. We do not want to be for a single month out of the minds and prayers of the benevolent, who look to you, dear *HELPER*, for direction in regard to their good wishes and good works, and where is there greater need of both.

It may not be out of place to relate one of the little incidents which were like oases in that desert of packing. At a moment when, in the midst of dust and turmoil, eyes and mind were doing their best to discover something more that ought to be put away from moths or sunlight, a bright face presented itself to ask for the papers which had been promised a few days before, for a new Sabbath school, lately started a few miles away. It was an agreeable change, a visit to Roger Williams Library, to put up for this new (he was a stranger to us) and apparently earnest helper in the great work, a package sufficient for his Sabbath school while we were gone, with which we gave a promise of more papers and of some books on our return.

Seeing the names on these papers and books, which call up the faces of the donors, is no small part of the pleasure of that work. Want of time and strength to attend to it is apparently the only limit to the amount that can be profitably done in this direction. And this may be taken as the answer to the question so often addressed to us whether the request for papers has been sufficiently responded to. Though we have

a very good supply now, it needs continual replenishing, as the demand is almost unlimited.

This ought not to be mentioned now, when we are trying to do the larger work of raising money for a belfry and the painting, but for the fact that these little acts, instead of hindering the greater, are as the sun by day and dew by night, that so largely insure a bountiful yield at harvest.

Our teachers' term, which began several summers ago with one young man who, after he had closed his school wanted a chance to study and couldn't be refused, this year enrolled forty members.

L.

¶ Delegates.

THE Home Secretary requests all persons who have been, or may be, appointed delegates from the Yearly Meetings to represent the work in their respective sections at the Annual Meeting of the society, to be held in connection with the General Conference, at Minneapolis, Minn., next month, to send their names at once to the secretary, Mrs. A. B. Tourtelott, Providence, R. I. It is hoped that each Yearly Meeting will send at least one delegate, and provide for her comfort on the way; and that as many will go to the meeting as can, though they may not be chosen as representatives. The Annual Meeting is not composed of delegates. Any woman who contributes to its treasury, through her auxiliary, or in any other way, two cents a week, is a member of the society, and is entitled to a vote at any of its meetings. To insure attendance from all sections, Mrs. Ramsey very wisely recommended the sending of delegates, and the paying of their expenses.

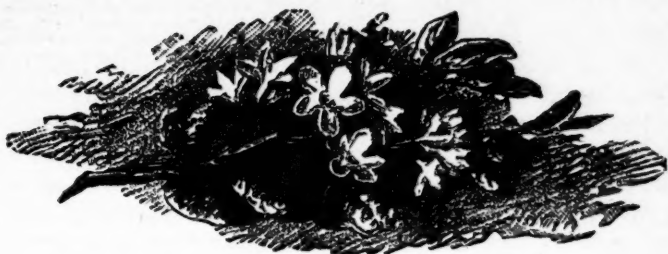
This meeting will afford a long-desired opportunity for the sisters east and west to exchange greetings, to become better acquainted, and to confer together in regard to the great work of extending Christ's kingdom. Will not all pray that the Holy Spirit may come upon the workers who assemble, and give them wisdom in plans and deliberations.

For Missionaries' Rest (Sanitarium).

Mrs. J. M. Pease, New Lebanon, Me.....	\$5 00
Friends in Pascoag, R. I.....	20 00
Nellie C. Whittemore, Portland, Me.....	1 00
A Friend, Pennsylvania.....	10 00
Miss Betsey Whitaker, South Weare, N. H. (per Mrs. M. M. H. Hills).....	25 00
Holton Auxiliary (per Mrs. E. D. Wade).....	10 00

Five dollars previously reported as from a lady through Miss Hills, should have been credited to Mrs. Carrie Cheney Swan.

A. C. H.



For the Young People.

The Legend of the Ganges.

IN days of yore, according to the Ramayan, there lived a king named Sogor, the fame of whose holy acts, particularly his austerities and liberality to the brahmins, filled the three worlds,— heaven, earth and patal, or the infernal regions. This king was blessed with sixty thousand sons, in answer to earnest prayer. Sogor was an ambitious monarch. Although he obtained a great name and had received distinguished gifts from the gods, he sighed for still greater honors. There was one distinction to which he had not yet attained, and that was to be numbered among the gods themselves and to ascend the throne of Indra, the king of heaven. There was but one method, accord to Hindu tradition, whereby this greatest of honors might be attained, and that was by performing, successively, a hundred times and at regular intervals, the sacrifice of the horse. Sogor, however, resolved to perform it. Indra, although ever delighted with the devotion of mortals, was naturally jealous of his own prerogatives, and he now made it a matter of especial care to prevent any mortal attaining to that state of perfection, in virtue of which he might displace him from the sovereignty of the skies.

Indra was, therefore, always on the alert to prevent the horse sacrifice ; and, therefore, as we may well suppose, few ever succeeded in performing it. According to the rules of this important ceremony, it was necessary to tie up the horse to be sacrificed in a solitary place in the midst of some lonely forest, on the night previous to his immolation, and to keep strict watch to defend him from the attacks of enemies, visible and invisible, the emissaries of Indra being among the

number of the latter. Notwithstanding their supernatural power, King Sogor succeeded in performing the sacrifice ninety-nine times. At length, full of hope and confident of success, he attempted the sacrifice for the one hundredth and last time. But alas! whilst the devout king watched with painful anxiety, amid solitary wilds, his devoted steed, whose immolation on the morrow was to raise him to the empire of the skies, to his dismay and astonishment, disappeared as if by magic. There was no mistaking the thief, but the consecrated horse might be found. Who so fit to be employed in the search as his own sixty thousand sons? The young men entered eagerly into the design of their sire, and with filial devotedness consecrated themselves to the task of finding the stolen steed. With this view they divided themselves into several bands. They traveled long and far; no nook, no corner of the world was left unsearched. At last, by some strange accident, they all met on Sangor Island, on the neck of land where at present stands the temple of Kupil Nunn. As they approached the spot they beheld the sage Kupil wholly absorbed in his devotions. So intent was he that he took not the least notice of the young men. But to their astonishment, they saw the long-looked-for animal tied to a tree in the thicket hard by.

Wearied with travel and vexed with disappointment, they were enraged at the supposed treachery and hypocrisy of the sage, and imagining him to be the thief, they set to with truly good will and gave the poor Nunn a severe beating. He cursed his assailants, and in a moment they became a heap of ashes, whilst their spirits descended into the infernal regions. Hearing of the calamity that had befallen his sons, the king became as anxious about them as he had formerly been about his horse, and therefore he appeared to the Nunn, explained the mistake, and implored his forgiveness and assistance in order to recover his sons. There was only one way of accomplishing this end, and that was by bringing the Ganges down from heaven and leading it into the infernal regions. At last, Bhogirátte, a member of Sogor's family, succeeded, with the aid of Vishnu, in persuading Gunga to descend to the Himalaya. She came down very unwillingly, fearing that after she had been the salvation of millions of sinful beings, there would be no one found able to restore her to heaven. Vishnu promised that he would do it if she would only descend and deliver Sogor's sixty thousand sons.

Gunga then quietly followed Bhogirátte. She reached the Himalaya, and descended to numerous other places which she had made famous. But on the way she met with several adventures. The many other places where the sacred stream lodged in her downward progress are also esteemed holy, but some are more famous as places of pilgrimage than others. At length, after sixty thousand years spent in this onward progress, during which time Bhogirátte faithfully attended her, the river Goddess reached Sangor Point, descended then into the infernal regions and delivered Sogor's sons, who immediately ascended up to heaven.

Such is the history, according to Hindu mythology, of the river Ganges. I have entered into it so fully because it is one of the most sacred objects of a Hindu's worship. Sangor Point is the place where it falls into the Bay of Bengal. It has become one of the holiest acts of Hindu superstition to bathe in heaven-descended waters.

The Ramayan says: "The junction of the sea and river has become a great place of pilgrimage.

"Who can describe the holiness that pervades its waters!

"The man that gives alms and bathes in its holy stream, will be delivered from all sin and have his dwelling in the City of God."—*Missionary Link.*

An Onward Step.

FROM time to time efforts have been made to secure a charter for the Woman's Missionary Society, that it might receive bequests and hold property. Advantages were afforded in the State of Maine. It was considered important to become so incorporated as to be able to hold meetings legally in any state of the Union, and also to choose its officers from any state. But, in order to do this, special legislation was required. To bring before the Judiciary Committee of the Legislature the importance of the request made of it, and to urge the waiving of any objections which might arise, it was necessary that some person of influence should appear before this committee. Dr. Cheney, of Bates College, by thus doing, rendered the Society valuable service, and on January 26, 1883, the following act was passed, after three readings, and received the official signature.

Charter.

AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in
Legislature assembled, as follows:*

SECTION 1. Mary A. Davis, Arcy C. Hayes, Marietta S. Waterman, Marilla M. H. Hills, Vienna G. Ramsey, Emily S. Burlingame, Laura A. DeMeritte, Julia A. Lowell, Marilla M. Brewster, Susan A. Porter, Frances S. Mosher, Mary R. Wade, Hannah D. Chamberlin, Clara C. Dexter, Emily C. Jenness, their associates and successors, are hereby constituted a corporation under the name of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, and by that name shall have power to prosecute and defend suits at law, have and use a common seal, and change the same at pleasure, take and hold for the objects of their association, by gift, grant, bequest, purchase or otherwise, any estate, real or personal, the annual income of which shall not exceed twenty-five thousand dollars, and to sell and convey any estate, real or personal, which the interests of said society may require to be sold and conveyed.

SEC. 2: All property and estate, real or personal, which at any time may come into the possession of the said corporation, shall be faithfully applied to the promotion of the cause of missions, both in home and foreign lands, and to establishing schools therein.

SEC. 3. The said corporation may adopt such rules and by-laws, the same not being repugnant to the laws of this State, as they may deem expedient for the management of their affairs. They may choose all necessary officers, and they shall be and they are hereby invested with all the powers, privileges, rights, and immunities incident to similar corporations.

SEC. 4. The said corporation may hold its meetings, annual or special, in any of the states or territories of the United States, and may choose its officers therefrom.

SEC. 5. The first meeting of the said corporation may be held in the Paige Street Free Baptist Church, in Lowell, Massachusetts, on Wednesday, the thirty-first day of January, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, or at such other place and time as Mary A. Davis, Arcy C. Hayes, and Marietta S. Waterman, or any two of them, may determine, by giving seasonable notice of said meeting to all the persons named as incorporators.

SEC. 6. This act shall take effect when approved.

On Jan. 30, 1883, a meeting of the corporate members was called in Lowell, Mass., by the committee designated in the charter, but as a question arose with reference to the legality of the meeting, a second was called in Dover, N. H., Feb. 20. It organized with the choice of Mrs. M. S. Waterman, President, and Mrs. A. B. Tourtellott, Recording Secretary, who took the necessary oath of office. The Life Members of the society were received as members of the incorporated society, and a committee of five was appointed to draft both constitution and by-laws, which should agree in object and spirit with those of the charter, to report at a meeting which should be held in the coming summer at Ocean Park, Maine.

In accordance with the call of the Recording Secretary, the society met in the chapel at that place on Wednesday, August 15. There was a fair attendance, many of the women interested in the work of the society making special effort to join those who were seeking rest

at this consecrated place. By vote of the society as constituted, all persons who pay two cents a week into the treasury of the Woman's Society were made members of the new society, and the following constitution was adopted after a pleasant discussion of the several articles :

Constitution.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

This organization shall be called the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

ARTICLE II.

OBJECT.

The object of this Society shall be to extend the Christian religion and its blessings more especially among women and children, by sending and supporting missionaries and teachers, and by establishing schools and churches in Free Baptist fields, and for this purpose to enlist and unite the efforts of women in forming auxiliary societies.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERSHIP.

The payment of \$1.00 per year shall constitute membership, and \$20.00 life membership.

ARTICLE IV.

OFFICERS.

The officers of this Society shall be a President, a Vice-President from each Yearly Meeting or Association Society, who shall be the same person as is the President of a Yearly Meeting or Association Society; a Corresponding Secretary, a Recording Secretary, two or more Home Secretaries, a Treasurer, an Assistant Treasurer, when needed; an Auditor, who, with thirteen other women, shall constitute a Board of Managers, seven of whom may form a quorum. These officers shall be elected annually, and shall hold their offices till others are elected and qualified.

ARTICLE V.

RELATIONS TO OTHER SOCIETIES.

This Society shall act as an associate worker with the F. W. B. Foreign Mission Society and the F. W. B. Home Mission Society, and no missionary shall be sent to India without the approval of the F. W. B. Foreign Mission Society.

ARTICLE VI.

MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held in the month of October, due notice of time and place being given by the Recording Secretary, who shall also call special meetings when so directed by the Board of Managers.

ARTICLE VII.

CHANGES.

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting, notice of said change having been given in writing at a previous annual meeting.

The society has now passed its first decade, and has come to that period in its history when it takes on new dignity and greater responsibility. The members present at Ocean Park felt the significance of the hour, as the society organized under the act of incorporation, received in trust the papers, moneys, and work of the former society. As the book of records for the ten years and a little more was closed, there was a moment of lingering, a glance backward over the past, a sadness at the thought of its failures. But there was no time to waste. God was calling to go forward, and with throbbing hearts and moistened eyes, the call and the trust were accepted, with humble dependence on divine help. Bowing before the Lord, the Holy Spirit's power was invoked, and the pledge of fidelity given. Space forbids a more extended notice, but the influence of this occasion will be abiding; and, with God's blessing, like the incoming waves of the ocean, it will widen and deepen, gathering force to itself till it shall reach hundreds and thousands of hearts, and bring them into sympathy with the grand song of the ages — the redemption of the world, for which Christ died.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business, will be held in the Free Baptist Church, in Minneapolis, Minn., Friday, Oct. 5, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
A. B. TOURTELLOT, *Rec. Sec.*

It is expected that on Saturday evening following, the usual anniversary exercises will occur. The reports of the secretaries and treasurer will be read, and an historical paper presented by Mrs. G. C. Waterman, of New Hampshire. The president, Mrs. Burlingame, of Rhode Island, will give an address.

PACKAGES.—Persons wishing to send packages to India, can do so by mailing them to Mrs. Libbie Cilley Griffin, care Owen Sayles, Esq., 69 West Street, N. Y. City. Be sure to prepay all charges, and let the articles be securely packed.

Miss Acsah Wilkins, of Baltimore, has given the means to rebuild the "Louise Home," at Nantyang, a beautiful memorial to her glorified sister, and at the same time a commodious residence for the missionaries.

Miss A. W. Fields, who has been a missionary to Swatow, China, for the past four years, has prepared a dictionary of the Swatow dialect, the first work of its kind ever published.

Words from Home Workers.

VERMONT.

The Woman's Mission Meeting, as is usual, was held in connection with Corinth Q. M., June 16th, at East Orange. After the devotional exercises, a report of the preceding meeting was read; also, reports from auxiliaries heard from. Recitations by the children were nicely performed, and added much interest. Miss Emily Ford, of West Topsham, addressed the meeting, and no one who listens to her can fail of seeing the importance of more energy and zeal in the mission cause. Mrs. Wilds, of West Topsham, also made some brief and stirring remarks, followed by the Rev. C. E. Davis, and others. A collection was taken to the amount of \$5.50. We hope the practice of holding mission meetings and taking a collection in connection with our Quarterly Meetings, may become universal.

MRS. F. P. EATON.

INDIANA.

At the Lagrange Quarterly Meeting, held with the Wanaka church, Aug. 3-5, a committee on missions was appointed, Mrs. H. W. Vaughn, Mrs. M. Jones, and Mrs. E. O. Dickinson, who submitted a report of the following import. (I have not the report before me, and quote from memory):

Whereas, The Lagrange Q. M. having been inactive in the cause of missions (although a few of our number are engaged in the work), we feel the necessity of increasing our efforts and uniting our labors, therefore,

Resolved, That we organize a Woman's Mission Society within our borders.

The report was adopted, and the committee instructed to go forward and organize.

Time was granted us at the close of our conference meeting on Saturday, P. M., when Mrs. Vaughn was called to the chair, and Mrs. Dickinson to act as secretary.

Mrs. Vaughn made some very happy remarks, expressing her long-felt interest in missions, her desire that this Q. M. should be engaged in the work through an organization, and her pleasure that the time had come when these desires should be met.

Mrs. Dickinson read the printed constitution, and a rising vote was called for from the ladies who were willing to join an organization, and seventeen names were received. The following officers were elected:

Mrs. H. W. Vaughn, President; Mrs. E. O. Dickinson, Secretary and Treasurer. There being no auxiliaries, a vice-president was appointed in each church. With the Wanaka church, Mrs. Frick; Hawpach, Mrs. C. W. Weatherwax; West Branch, Mrs. — Stoler; Pleasant Ridge, Mrs. Mary Robbins. After substituting (or restoring) Will, making it Free-Will Baptist, instead of Free Baptist, the printed constitution was adopted.

Decided to have a public meeting in connection with our next Q. M., to be held with the Pleasant Ridge church in November.

N. B.— It will be remembered that the Rev. M. J. Coldren, one of our missionaries now in India, went from this Quarterly Meeting, was a member of the Hawpach church, and a number of his personal friends

are contributing regularly to his support ; but the money goes as so much besides that through our denomination (and probably accomplishes just as much for the object to which it was given), but no report of it is given to the Quarterly Meeting, consequently the Yearly Meeting doesn't have it to report, and, as a result, when the annual statement is made, the figures fall far below the amount of actual work done.

MRS. E. O. DICKINSON, *Secretary.*

WISCONSIN.

Mrs. McKenney writes from Racine that the ladies of the Mt. Pleasant Church met on the fifth of July, and organized a Missionary Society with thirteen members. There was a good degree of interest. On the eighteenth, there was another meeting, and the number of members was increased to twenty-five. It is not too much to expect that a society beginning so auspiciously will continue to increase in size and influence.

NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR HELPER: I was so glad to learn from your pages that the interest heretofore taken in foreign missions by the church and people on Cape Sable Island was still going on, and also, that the present pastor's wife was so earnest and efficient in helping to carry on the grand and glorious work. I recollect attending a Free Baptist Y. M., which was held with the church on that island, in the Clark's Harbor meeting-house, about seven years ago, and the N. S. F. B. W. Foreign Mission Society held its second annual meeting in connection with that Y. M. I recollect, too, very clearly, what a zeal in the work, what love and pity for women and children destitute of the Gospel in the dark corners of the East, seemed to dwell in the hearts of the sisters present. It was such a pleasure for them to give. I think I am right in making the statement, that *that* church *alone* that year raised between fifty and sixty dollars for foreign missions, more than one-eighth of Miss Julia Phillips' (now Mrs. Burkholder) salary. "Why," said one old mother in Israel, "we ought to give—we ought to be *willing* to give. Think of the millions groping in darkness, holding out their hands so beseechingly to us for light, calling so loudly to us to send them aid 'ere they die,' to send them preachers and teachers, to send them the Bible." Oh, I thought as I observed all this, if all the F. B. churches in Nova Scotia were like this church, it would not be such hard work to get money from them for mission purposes. It certainly spoke well for their spiritual leaders. How much pastors and their wives may accomplish in this direction, were they all to exert wisely the influence they have. Keep the matter before their people; talk missions, preach missions, and pray missions; and this will keep their minds alive to the importance of the work. As long as individuals or churches engage in foreign mission work, or any *other* department of christian work, they will be interested; but when they cease to work, their interest dies.

N. S.

Topic for Monthly Meeting.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—PHILIPPIANS IV., 6.



Children's Niche.

Concert Exercise.

First.

While the sweet summer days were flying,
Was thy heart true?
Still to the Saviour's call replying,
"Thy work I'll do."

Second.

Yes, the soft breezes bore His whisper,—
As dear to me
As mother's voice to baby-lisper
Upon her knee.

Third.

Was it not beautiful to meet Him
In glowing sky,
In stir of noon's warm breath to greet Him
Still near and nigh?

Fourth.

Dearer than all things else His presence

In evening's hush,—
His life in Summer's evanescence,—
Its burning bush.

Fifth.

Oh, to his secret call responsive
My heart would be,
Saying, "Lord, here am I: O teach me
To work for Thee!"

In concert.

For Thee, Redeemer, working, living,
At home, afar,—
Thy gift unspeakable still giving
Where'er we are.

Whether in native tongue we utter
The earnest word,
Or in strange language, with heart flutter,
We call Thee Lord.

—Selected.

Sowing Seed.

ONE spring morning, little Faith in slippered feet and pretty gypsy sun-hat tripped along by her old grandfather's side, and helped him plant the corn; and faster than the kernels dropped into the rich, black earth did the words drop from her eager tongue.

"Grandpa, what makes the corn push itself up from the ground, all dressed in green? It doesn't look a bit as it did when it was planted. How can it change so?"

"That isn't an easy question to answer, little Faith. 'Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; Thou preparest them corn when Thou hast so provided for it.' That is pretty near all we know about it."

"I don't see how it *can* be," repeated little Faith, with a thoughtful face. "Just a few kernels buried in the ground, and it grows, and grows, and gets to be a great stalk, with ears of corn on it!" "'First the blade, then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear.' Aye! that's the way of it. *God* does it, Faith; man cannot; even the Aztecs knew that much."

"Who are they, grandpa?"

"People who lived in Mexico, little woman; are living *now*, in *New Mexico*. Our folks call them Indians, but they are different from Indians. They plow with a crooked stick, and reap with a sickle, just as the people used to do in Bible times; and go out gleaning, just as Ruth did, you know. They raise a good deal of corn, and I have heard that all over their corn-fields they set up little prayers to their gods."

"Set up prayers! I don't know what you mean, grandpa."

"Why, they think that two little sticks about a quarter of an inch wide, and six inches long, bound together with grass, and the bright feather of a sacred bird tied at the end of the grass, will be accepted by their god as a prayer; and that when he sees it in the corn-field, he will understand that they want a good crop of corn!"

"Grandpa!" said Faith, "is that really *true*?"

"Too true, little one," said grandpa, with a sigh. "I have read that you can see these little sticks set up all over their country around the springs of water, praying for pure water, and in their houses, praying for food; the mothers even fasten them in their children's hair, hoping that their god will be pleased, and will keep the children well. Poor mothers! Their religion teaches them to do very hard things. When there comes a sickness like the cholera, or some other dreadful disease, and many are dying, the people think if they can get some mother to give her dearest child as a sacrifice — have it killed, you know — on the altar, then the god of sickness will not be angry any more, and the disease will cease."

"Have they found any mother who would do it, grandpa?" and little Faith's face was white with horror.

"Yes, darling; they thought it necessary, you know. Many a mother has given her darling to save others."

"Grandpa, has anybody gone to tell them about the true, dear God, who loves little children?"

And then grandpa gave a great sigh, and shook his head.
— *Light in Many Lands.*

Contributions

FROM JULY 1, 1883, TO AUGUST 1, 1883.

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Anson, Q. M. collection.....	\$3 00
Bean's Corners, Q. M. W. M. Society, for home missions.....	1 50
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- Constitution for Quarterly Meeting Societies.
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- Constitution for Auxiliaries, including Hints for Organization, and other valuable items. 4 pages.
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- Blanks for reporting Mission Bands, Auxiliaries, Q. M. and Y. M. Societies.

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- "Thanksgiving Ann." "A Plea for Zenana Women," by Mrs. J. L. Phillips.
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